

Ghazal

James Goldberg

You said to wait but how I wanted to be free again
Find a way to get a taste of the fruit from off that tree again

The Day of Judgment hangs above my neck just like a flaming sword
Each night the angels say it's time to enter my plea again

I'm a sinner since the prophet wandered off to talk with God
Once Moses broke two tablets, but for me he'd break three again

Your hand is stretched out still, but it's no use
I've fallen asleep. Left you alone to Gethsemane again.

When God is calling on all peoples to repent
Is it time to follow Jonah out to sea again?

Don't think your eye can't pierce me still
and with that piercing witness you've found me again

Faith was the beam I removed—and went blind
You had to wash the clearness out with mud so I could see again

I left you once—because you told me that I should
When I come back, what will I be again?

The altar has room, James, for both of your legs
So don't ask for that promise on just one knee again